

dian ingenuity, and renewed their adventurous tramp as light footed as a pair of moose in the snow.

The long summer days sped by all too quickly for the way worn trio. Fatigue and hunger began to tell heavily upon Ross and Jacob. Their feet were blistered and swollen, their eyes inflamed with constant heat and frequent sandblows, and their bodies weak and trembling from the want of substantial food. They had grown nervous, too, and started fitfully at the slightest noise, fearful of pursuit and capture. But the Corporal was as fresh and breezy as on the first morning of their departure, and his tongue and feet as nimble as at the start. The wheels of his conversation never flagged, and though his lively prattle had ceased to interest his tired companions, he talked as gaily and unceasingly as ever.

They made but few stoppages, and then only to indulge in a few hours' needed rest, traveling all the night, their course guided by the white line of the river, and sleeping only in daylight, hidden in the shade of the scant groves of alder and cottonwood bushes.

Occasionally game was seen on the way, but so great was the risk of firing a gun that they hesitated to take the chances of betraying their proximity to any wandering parties of Indians who might be in the neighborhood, and suffered it to pass undisturbed, satisfying the cravings of hunger as best they could on the acid fruit of the bulberries that fringed the larger groves.

On the eighth day at noon they sunk down exhausted on a little grassy knoll that commanded a view of the plain, and essayed to find in the shelter of a few scraggy bushes the rest of which they stood so greatly in need.

Ross awoke shortly with a start, and there knelt the Corporal beside him, his face deathly pale, and his eyes gleaming with a fitful light.

"Wake up, boys," he said quietly, and without a tinge of excitement in his voice,—"wake up, it's all over with us; take off your moccasins!"

Ross and Jacob sprang up wildly, and would have sought safety in flight, but his steady hand restrained them.

"Steady, now, boys, it's no use! They're too many for us! There's the hounds and the scouts, and Crapster and his company. We'll have to surrender, so don't snivel and fuss, but give up with the best grace you can!"

He buried his musket in the sand as he spoke, and taking off his moccasins, flung them back into the bushes.

Ross followed his example, knowing full well that the desertion of an Indian grave was an unpardonable sin in the eyes of the savages, and one only to be expiated by the blood of the transgressor.

As for poor Jacob, his moccasins had originally been much smaller than his natural feet, and several days before they had given out entirely, leaving him only the insufficient protection of a pair of grey army socks.

Looking out from their covert, the movements of the pursuing party were plainly visible. A number of dogs were in advance and ran hither and thither across the plain, coursing and doubling, and yelping loudly as they caught the scent. Several Indian scouts came next, riding wildly about, whipping up their ponies one moment, and suddenly checking them the next. They had scented their prey and were eager to pounce upon their helpless victims.

Behind them came a large detachment of soldiers on foot, and still further in the rear rode Lt. Crapster, attended by a single orderly.

The doomed men in their frail shelter looked out on their swift approach, and knew they were in the toils of the enemy. The Corporal threw himself on the ground, the very image of despair, and uttered not a word, while Ross crouched down beside him, his heart beating fearfully, and his frame trembling with suppressed excitement.

But alas for poor Jacob! he made one desperate dash for home and liberty. Springing frantically out of the covert he ran off at a fearful rate of speed, and was soon lost to view behind a thicket of willows that fringed the river bank.

But the sharp-sighted foe detected him, and the next moment the swift riders on their dancing ponies were circling around the two motionless men in the bushes.

The corporal displayed his handkerchief as a token of surrender, and leaving them to be cared for by the soldiers, the scouts swept on in pursuit of Jacob.

The detachment marched up to within twenty paces, surrounded the bushes, and, leveling their muskets, called upon the deserters to surrender.

Ross was half dead with fatigue and grief, while the Corporal seemed utterly prostrated by the sudden misfortune, and leaned unsteadily upon Ross' arm.

So they went forward. No words were spoken on either side, but the Sergeant in charge of the detachment conducted them at once to where the Lieutenant sat on his horse. In obedience to his order, several pairs of handcuffs were produced and the two captives were speedily linked together, neither of them making any resistance nor uttering a sound as a single explanation

of horror from Ross, as he instinctively recoiled from the touch of the cold iron on his tender flesh.

A guard was placed around the prisoners, and the whole party then took up the line of march, following the trail of the scouts in search of Jacob.

But how heavy were the feet of the captives, bereft of the hope that had heretofore sustained them. Scarcely could they drag their weary limbs along the toilsome road, but forward they were forced to go. The hunt lasted for several hours. It was evident to all that Jacob was still hidden in the willow swamp, but the dogs would not venture into the marshy bog, and the rank undergrowth of bushes formed an impenetrable barrier to the entrance of the ponies, but the Indians after a lengthened search, with the keen instinct of their race detected the exact spot where he lay hidden, and pointed it out to the soldiers. These latter approached, and after calling upon him three times to come out and surrender, without response, the order was given to fire, and a sharp volley rang out on the breezy air, the bullets cutting off the leaves and twigs from the bushes all around the spot indicated. A sharp cry of pain was heard in answer, and a moment later the half fainting form of Jacob reeled forward, his face scratched and bleeding, his left hand upheld in token of surrender, and his right arm hanging helpless by his side, with the blood dripping from his ragged sleeve.

Ross uttered a quick exclamation of sympathy, and would have rushed to his assistance had he not been sharply restrained by the guards, and at the same moment the wrench of the irons on his own wrists, occasioned by his hasty movement, reminded him forcibly of his own helpless condition.

Jacob was immediately seized and handcuffed. It being ascertained that his arm was not broken, no further attention was paid to his wounds. The three prisoners were placed in advance of the infantry detachment, and the whole party set out on their return to the fort, marching at a rapid rate, and making few pauses. They were four days on the return trip. No words can describe the sufferings of the poor unfortunates whose madcap escapade had been the cause of the expedition.

Urged by the relentless bayonets behind them they dragged their torn and tired feet along the weary path that led back to the hated slavery, which, but a few short hours before, they had fondly thought was left behind forever. Pen cannot describe their anguish—bodily suffering in the present, and years of captivity in the future! Such was the sad prospect! No rest!—no hope!—no mercy! Nothing but pain and disgrace—remorse and despair! Silently they staggered forward, with bent forms and drooping heads, and uncomplainingly they tried to keep step with their well-disciplined escort. Doubtless there were pitying hearts among the moving men around them, and stout arms that would gladly have been extended to support their sinking steps. But the chill air of military discipline hung like a pall over the little party, and the automatic troops sped on, in silent swift precision, regardless of the sufferings of the weak and wounded prisoners.

At length the fort was reached. But not yet were the weary travelers to find rest. It was noon day when they arrived, and it being the General's dinner hour the party were forced to wait outside his quarters until he had finished that ceremonious meal. The capture of the deserters created quite a sensation in the quiet little fort. The men gathered in groups around the barracks to discuss the event and to witness their reception.

The ladies assembled in the doors and windows of the officer's quarters, and indulged in running comments upon the appearance of the captives who stood with downcast heads and troubled faces awaiting their disposal.

Mrs. Torkelson said she hoped the General would make such an example of them as would effectually put a stop to desertions in the future. For her part she would advise him to punish them with the full rigor of the regulations.

Mrs. Wilberforce remarked, loudly, that if her distinguished brother-in-law had only been in command the desertion would not have occurred; men never deserted from HIM more than once!

The Quartermaster's wife said, sotto voce, that old Gen. Ristenbatt ought to be ashamed of himself to allow himself to be twisted around the thumb of such a woman as Mrs. Torkelson.

Mrs. Deidam, the old doctor's wife, said that she knew her husband would not admit the wounded one to the hospital. He believed in strict discipline.

Mrs. Gen. Ristenbatt now appeared, and expressed great satisfaction at the capture of the deserters, and complimented the young Lieutenant, who approached deferentially to pay his respects, in unmeasured terms.

But Judelle, dear, sympathetic, impulsive, rash Judelle; at that moment she came tripping down the steps with a slate and spelling book in her hand, on her way back to her afternoon lessons. As she caught sight of the way-worn trio—without noticing the young officer who was gracefully doffing his hat to

her, she cried excitedly: "Oh! my dear Aunt; what is the matter? Only see those poor wretches! What has happened to them? And, just look; one of them is hurt and is ready to faint. Betsey, get some water, quick, while I run to the table and get him some wine!"

Never did sparrow-hawk pounce upon a downy chicken with more wicked appetite than did the stately Mrs. Gen'l Ristenbatt swoop down upon Judelle. Seizing her fiercely by both shoulders she rushed off with her halfway through the hall to the foot of the stairway, where, after shaking the breath half out of her body, she gave her such an upward twirl that the impetus carried her light form half way to the top of the staircase. Then sinking her hat after the flying girl, the irate dame exclaimed in a loud whisper: "Go, lock yourself in your room, and don't ever disgrace me again, or I'll send you down the river on the next steamboat!"

Judelle well knew what this terrible threat portended. In her excitement she had unwittingly addressed her stately relative as "Aunt," and thus unwittingly betrayed the secret of their relationship. She trembled as she thought of the consequences, for how would the aristocratic Mrs. Gen'l Ristenbatt, the ranking lady of a stylish regiment,—the wife of the distinguished General Ristenbatt, brook the disclosure of the mortifying fact that she was related by the ties of consanguinity to an insignificant, little post teacher, a poor, nameless girl, without family or wealth,—dependent upon her own exertions for support, and upon the kindness of the General for a home! Judelle pitied her for although she well knew that the General's wife had herself wielded the ferule in her maiden days, yet that was in civil life, where any kind of honest labor was respectable. But army people were so high toned and exclusive, and had such an aristocratic contempt for tradespeople and plain citizens, and kept aloof so carefully from the working classes, that Judelle deeply regretted her awkward speech, and inwardly resolved to ask pardon for her thoughtlessness.

But what sorrowful emotions swelled in the breasts of the poor captives as they witnessed this little scene? Jacob was barely conscious of what was passing on around him, but the Corporal wiped his overflowing eyes on his sleeve, while Ross broke down utterly before her pitying words, and whimpered like a schoolboy.

"Don't, boy, don't," whispered the Corporal. "I can't bear to see you give up that way. Try to be a man; you'll need all your courage by and by!"

"Stop that talking, there," commanded the Sergeant, and the next moment the General appeared.

As yet ignorant of Judelle's imprudence, he was in high good humor, having just had an excellent dinner and heard the good news of the capture. After receiving the formal report of the young officer, he shook hands with him heartily and congratulated him on his success, complimenting him highly on the able and brilliant manner in which he had accomplished his extremely dangerous and difficult task.

The young Lieutenant thereupon became a hero, and received several pressing invitations to tea on the spot, all of which he declined gracefully, having had a previous engagement with Mrs. Redribbons, whose husband was absent on a dear hunt.

The General's order was delivered to the Lieutenant. The Lieutenant repeated it to the Sergeant in command of the detachment, who immediately dismissed all the men save two. Then giving the order to march, he conducted the prisoners toward the rear of the enclosure, Ross wondering all the while what was to be done with them. His curiosity was soon satisfied.

They entered the blacksmith shop, and then he knew too well what was in store for them.

The blacksmith came forward as they entered, and his swart face flushed a vivid red on learning their errand. But he was trained to obey, and at once produced his implements and set about his distasteful task. Three heavy log chains were produced, with a band at either end, and one by one the captives were marched beside the anvil, and the iron bands securely welded around their ankles.

This ceremony consumed much time, but when, at last, it was concluded, their handcuffs were taken off, and they were marched to the guardhouse.

But still there was no rest. By the post rules no soldier could be excused from duty on account of disability save by the Surgeon, and by army regulations the Surgeon is always subordinate to the Commanding Officer. No matter what his rank, his acquisitions, his age or his ability, the man of medicine is made subject to the order of any raw, ignorant Lieutenant, who may be, by the accident of position, placed in command of his post. In this case, the General, commanding, had ordered, that to prevent desertions in the future, the newly captured deserters should be punished with the utmost rigor, and on no account treated leniently or excused from duty so long as able to move a foot or a finger, consequently the order was given by the Officer of the day that the

three should at once proceed, under guard, to the wood camp, and complete the task of cutting wood, which Ross and Jacob had been ordered to execute on the day of their desertion.

Jacob moved forward stolidly, but Ross and the ex-Corporal, (his chevrons had been torn off at the blacksmith shop,) protested feebly, and after some parley they were allowed to report to the Surgeon, who, remembering the General's order, declined to excuse them. The three were then furnished with axes, and incredible as it appears, the half famished, half perishing men were marched out to the woods under charge of the same Sergeant whose musket blows were still visible upon Jacob's forehead, and who was as merciless as fate itself,—and there with their weak, trembling limbs, rendered well-nigh helpless from the cramping effect of the crippling irons, they were compelled to swing their heavy axes, and to work unceasingly till sunset. Several times they sunk down exhausted, and frequently their unsteady blows missed the logs at which they aimed, and their axes would bury themselves in the soft soil, and scarcely had they strength to lift them up again.

But the Sergeant was a strict disciplinarian. Pity was a weakness he had never known, and he allowed no shirking under his regim. Quick to detect any signs of flagging, his deep voice growled ugly oaths at the slightest indications of weariness.

At sunset they returned to the fort, arriving in time for retreat; the other prisoners were already in their places, and received the addition to the ranks of three more manacled wretches, with stolid indifference.

The second drum sounded. The roll of the various companies was called by their respective First Sergeants, who reported to their Captains. The brave old flag, the emblem of the free, that waved as if in mockery above the Captives' heads, was lowered to the sound of drum and bugle; the sunset gun was fired; the Captains reported to the General, who stood in solitary state before his portico; the prisoners were inspected by the Officer of the day; the men were dismissed, to follow their own devices for an hour or two; the prisoners were remanded to the guardhouse, and the senseless farce was ended.

But what of the three wanderers, friendless, fainting and forlorn, who dragged their fettered limbs into their old accustomed places in the guardhouse, and flung themselves with eager zest upon the cold, damp floor? Sick, wretched and weary; oh, so weary! worn out, trembling, feverish and sad; what friend was it that ministered to them silently in the night-time and the darkness, and brought peace and rest to their cramped and tortured limbs?

It was the blessed sleep from Heaven that slid into their souls!

(Continued next week.)

SAFES

BANK LOCKS. VAULT WORK.

HALL'S SAFE & LOCK CO.

HALL'S STANDARD SAFES.

RIGFORD & PASSMORE, Agents,

MINNESOTA, DAKOTA AND BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

No. 46, Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn. [v2no32f.]

Fred. Strauss,

DEALER IN

WATCHES, SPECTACLES,

and all kinds of Jewelry. Orders of any description will be promptly filled. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mala St., Bismarck, D. T. 1-40f.

Bank of Bismarck.

RECEIVES DEPOSITS SUBJECT TO SIGHT DRAFTS—INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS—EASTERN EXCHANGE BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Collections Made & Promptly Remitted.

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BRAMBLE HOUSE,

Moorhead, Minn.

First Class in every particular. Free Bus to Depot and Boats.

Every Train from Bismarck runs now to Moorhead, and starts mornings from there, opposite the Bramble House.

Headquarters for Stages.

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Carpet, Wall Paper and Window Shades, Lace and Muslin Curtains, 46 and 48 W Third Street, St. Paul, Minn. 2-5yl

CHARLES H. McCARTY,

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FEEDSTABLE

Cor. Third and Thayer Sts.

Buggies and Saddle horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.

Our buggies and harnesses are new and of the best manufacture and style and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.

Our Stable is large and airy and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country.

Stock sold on commission. 15-

CAPITOL HOTEL,

BISMARCK, - - D. T.,

Opposite the N. P. R. R. Depot.

This Hotel is new and kept in Good Style. Travelers will have every accommodation to insure their comfort.

R. R. MARSH & CO.,

Proprietors.

M. M. FULLER,

Commission Merchant,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Wholesale and Retail dealer in Flour, Feed, Butter, Eggs, &c., &c. Northern Pacific dealers will find it to their interest to communicate with this house before purchasing elsewhere.

OSTLAND'S

Livery & Feed

STABLE,

Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.

Buggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.

My Buggies and Harness are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our Stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.

My Stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country. 89-2m

B. F. SLAUGHTER, M. D.,

Physician & Surgeon

U. S. Pension Examining Surgeon.

Office in Residence Corner of Main and Second Streets. 11y

CHAS. STEARNS. CHAS. LOUIS.

STEARNS & LOUIS,

PRACTICAL

House and Sign Painters,

Main St., bet 5th and 6th, Bismarck, D. T. 80-yl

JOHN P. FORSTER

Main St., 3 Doors West of Capitol Hotel.

BISMARCK, D. T.

FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT,

AND

ICE CREAM SALOON.

Confectionery, Pastry and Cake Baker. Deals at all hours of the Day. Board by the Day or Week. All orders for FLOWERS or VEGETABLES promptly filled. 1-41f

CRAIG & LARKIN

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

CROCKERY, FRENCH CHINA,

Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses and House Furnishing Goods, 66 East Third Street. Old No. 187, St. Paul, Minn. 1-46yl

J. C. Oswald,

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BOURBON AND RYE WHISKIES,

Brandies, Gins, Wines and Cigars,

No. 8 Pence Opera House,

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

THOMAS VAN ETEN,

Attorney and Counselor

AT LAW.

BISMARCK, DAKOTA. 1-50

JOHN A. STOEYELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Bismarck, D. T. 1-43yl

E. A. Williams,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTION AGENT.

BISMARCK, D. T.

BISMARCK AND VICINITY.
Bismarck, D. T., Feb. 24, 1875.

WAR DEPARTMENT.
Signal Service, U. S. A.
DIVISION OF TELEGRAMS, AND REPORTS FOR THE
BENEFIT OF COMMERCE AND AGRICULTURE,
BISMARCK, DAKOTA TERRITORY.

REPORT OF TEMPERATURE, ETC. FOR THE WEEK ENDING
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1875.

State of the Weather.	Wind.	Barom.	Thermom.	Humidity.	Direction of Wind.	Day of Week.
Clear.	N.	30.00	32.00	75	N.	Tuesday
Clear.	N.	30.00	32.00	75	N.	Wednesday
Clear.	N.	30.00	32.00	75	N.	Thursday
Clear.	N.	30.00	32.00	75	N.	Friday
Clear.	N.	30.00	32.00	75	N.	Saturday
Clear.	N.	30.00	32.00	75	N.	Sunday
Clear.	N.	30.00	32.00	75	N.	Monday
Clear.	N.	30.00	32.00	75	N.	Weekly Means.

Highest temperature, 30°
Lowest temperature, 80°

DELMATER & FLANNERY,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW,
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
AGENTS.
BISMARCK, D. T.
Landlord. Abstracts of title furnished, and
collection of claims promptly attended to. 1-47tf

Attention Horsemen!
All those who have horses afflicted with any kind
of disease, call on
W. P. McElroy,
PRACTICAL VETERINARY SURGEON,
of 15 years standing, who has permanently located
at Bismarck, and who will treat all diseases to which
the horse is subject.
Office at Dunn & Co's, Drug Store; or at Char
McElroy's Livery Stable.
Bismarck, D. T., Feb. 24, 1875.

New Advertisements
List of Letters remaining in the Office at Bismarck, February 22, 1875.

Barnes N. Marcus
Brasler Mrs. Nathan
Corrick Louis
De Bock Mr.
Ehlers Mrs. Catharine
Gibson Mrs. Nellie
Gregg F. B.
Hutchins C. O. 2
Harris Skiller
Howard A. C.
Klein Wm.
Johnson Wm.
Kannady Joseph
Kelly J. C.
Mead Thaddeus
Meyers Wm.
Quinn Michael
Roberson E. J.
Thompson Louis
Unack Joseph
Warren Mark
Mrs. Linda W. SLAUGHTER, P. M.

**OUR ENTIRE STOCK
ACTUAL COST,
CLOTHING, DRY GOODS,
&c., &c., &c.
WATSON BROS.**

Will be sold at
Consulting of.

On Receipt of \$1.50
We will send to any address post paid our New
Book "My Hatchet and I," 32 pages, 22
amusing illustrations, bound in mail and gilt. The
most humorous book of the season. Agents wanted
D. E. FISK & Co., Publisher,
Springfield, Mass.

Sealed Proposals.
Will be received by the City Clerk, until Thursday
evening, Feb. 25, for the furnishing of five ladders,
and the digging of wells, for the use of the Fire De-
partment of the City of Bismarck. Number of each,
with specifications, can be found with the chairman
of the Committee on Fire Department, and endorsed
"Proposals for Ladders," or "Proposals for Wells."
SAML. O'CONNELL, City Clerk.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.
The undersigned have entered into Co-partnership
from January 1st, 1875, as agents of HALL'S SAFE
& LOCK CO. BIGFORD & PASMORE,
No. 46, Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn. feb17/75.

McLEAN & McANDER.
General Supply Store,
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
Boots and Shoes, Yankee Notions, Provisions, &c.,
&c., &c. Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c.
FRESH VEGETABLES.
Groceries, Flour, Feed, Canned and Dried Fruits
kept constantly on hand. Give him a call at his new
and nicely fitted up Store, on Main St., Bismarck,
D. T. 1-47

B. Beaupre. P. H. Kelly
Beaupre & Kelly,
Wholesale Grocers,
ST. PAUL, MINN.
ECKFORD & RYAN
Merchant Tailors
Ready Made
Clothing
AND
Gents' Furnish-
ing Goods.

CHRIST HEHLI
BARBERS!
Opposite N. E. R. Depot, Bismarck.
HOT AND COLD BATHS!
HAIR CUTTING, SHAVING AND
advice Hair-Dressing, done in the Latest Fashion.
All Tonsorial Work Done in a Workmanlike Manner.

DUNN & CO.,
DRUGGISTS,
MAIN STREET,
Bismarck, D. T.

WESTERN LAND ASSOCIATION
REAL ESTATE IN DULUTH,
For Sale or Lease,
LUTHER MENDENHALL, AGENT.

STOVES! STOVES!
CHARTER OAK MATCHLESS
COOKING STOVES,
EXCELSIOR BOX STOVES,
Celebrated EVENING STAR Parlor Stove.
We have in transit, and to arrive in a few days, a fine lot of the above far-
famed Stoves, direct from the manufacturers at St. Louis. Give him a call at his new
and nicely fitted up Store, on Main St., Bismarck, D. T. 1-47
Now is the time to leave your orders for Stoves, Ranges, &c.
JAMES DOUGLAS & CO.

JOE DIETRICH, JR.,
OMNIBUS LINE
BETWEEN
FT. LINCOLN AND BISMARCK.
LEAVES BISMARCK: 8:30 a. m., 1 p. m., 4 p. m., Daily.
LEAVES THE POINT OPPOSITE LINCOLN:
10 a. m., 12 m., 3 p. m., 6:30 p. m., Daily.
On Sundays the Omnibus will only make the 9 a. m.
and 1 p. m. trips. 1-48tf

SEWING MACHINES.
Parties wishing a Sewing Machine will find it to
their advantage to call on J. W. FIEBER, at the U.
S. Express Office, Bismarck, D. T., who keeps al-
ways on hand, machines, needles, castors, and sew-
ing Machine attachments of all kinds. 1-48tf

CITY BAKERY.
John Yegen, Front Street, would announce to the
citizens of Bismarck that he is prepared to fill
orders for cakes, pies or fancy pastry on short notice.
Satisfactory references can be given. A fine
light bread ten cents a loaf or four loaves for
\$1.00. 203m

JOHN MASON
Billiard Hall
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
PROD. ICE AND COMMISSION,
CH'ICE WINES, LIQUORS,
CIGARS and TOBACCO.
Cor. Main and Fifth Streets, Bismarck, D. T.
and Moorhead, Minn.

W. H. STIMPSON,
General News Agent
BOOKS, STATIONERY, FRUITS, OF ALL KINDS,
PAPER COLLARS, SOAPS, CONFECTIONERY, &c.
BISMARCK, D. T.
Stray agents and others will find all the latest news-
paper and a full stock of goods.

GEO. G. GIBBS
Blacksmith and Wagon
Shop,
Corner of Third and Tenth Streets, Bismarck, D. T.
Horse-drawing a Specialty.
2-21p

AUERBACH, FINCH & SHEPHERD
JOBBERS OF
Dry Goods and Notions
114, 116 and 119 Third Street,
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

PROF. COMERS
EMPIRE SHAVING
AND
BATHING ROOMS!
Third St. between Main and Wells Sts., Bismarck,
Hot and Cold Baths at all hours. Special atten-
tion given to Bathing. 1-107p

For Thirty Days Only!

Closing out of DRY GOODS, CLOTHING and Furnishing Goods.

To make room for an IMMENSE STOCK of GROCERIES, SUPPLIES, Feed, Canned Goods, &c., &c., to arrive by First Trains.

DRESS GOODS! SHIRTS AND DRAWERS
Plaid Poplins, worth 60c for 35c
Plain Poplins, worth 50c for 35c
Fine French Merino (Plaid) worth \$1, 65c
Best French Merino, worth \$1, for 60c

Belts, Ribbons, Balmoral Skirts, Table Cloths, Towels, Hosiery, Gloves, &c., &c., &c., &c.

Furnishing Goods
Ties, Scarfs, &c., &c., &c.

GROCERIES!
Look at this! Look at this!
A Good Overcoat, worth \$20, for \$9.00
Good All Wool Suits, formerly sold for \$25, for 20.00
Best Imported Suits, worth \$30, for 25.00
Best Suits ever brought to Bismarck, for 25.00

VERY LOW
We are prepared to do a large
Storage, Commission and Forwarding Business for Mer-
chants up or down the River.

Orders from all Military Posts
promptly filled, whether in our
line or not.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.

IMPERFECT PAGE